

## Dining by Candle-Light.

### A MAY EVENING IN SUZINA'S BACK-YARD.

A large tree spreads protecting limbs over the diners at Suzina's, and now and then a leaf flutters down and settles gently in the soup or favors the spaghetti with its decorative touch. The tables are set on the little stone pavement, and around the flower bed and on the platform that Suzina had built by the back fence.

But it is doubtful if you can find a place at one of these tables unless you present yourself before half-past six, and it is certain that you won't find a place unless you are well known to Suzina, or one of her intimates, or have friends who are.

For this exposure must be whispered—Suzina doesn't pay \$1,200 a year, or any other sum, for the privilege of providing ordinaire with a dinner that costs the fatter in cents, including the wine. She could never do it. Likewise, her patrons could never do without the ordinaire.

Yet it would be a loss to the town if Suzina's were no more. She knows it, and every night she has a stern sentinel at the basement door.

The house is merely one of many non-committal, high-stoop brownstones not far from the French quarter. There is no sign outside. It would be useless to try to find it unless you have a special tip. If you have the latter you ring the basement bell, and the door swings open.

This does not mean, however, that you have made good your entrance to Suzina's. A very small, but very resolute figure bars your way and a pair of very keen eyes are looking up at you. It is for you to speak.

"May I have my dinner here?"

If you've made a good first impression you hear the words, "Please wait a moment, and come from somewhere near your knees. It is the voice of a slip of a girl. You wait in the dingy basement hall, rather enjoying the novel sensation of soliciting the privilege of patronizing a New York restaurant.

Almost immediately Suzina herself emerges from the kitchen, a buxom creature with a white apron suspended from an ample bosom. A pair of sparkling eyes like the little girls are fixed upon you. In all humbleness you again make your request.

"Haf you any friends who come here, Monsieur?"

"Well, no, but—"

Suzina shrugs her shoulders and smiles apologetically.

"I am very sorry, Monsieur, but we have no more regular customers."

The humiliation of it! You are not of the bohemian elect. You've actually been turned down, or rather again turned up—the basement steps and out into a Philistine world.

But mention a familiar name to Suzina. "Ah, you know de doctair? Yes, yes. Come in, Monsieur. He is not yet here, but will be at 7 o'clock. You sit at his table, yes?"

You follow your hostess through the back hall into the kitchen, an immaculate kitchen, with a glowing range, and through the kitchen into the back yard, where the little girls are fixed upon you. In all humbleness you again make your request.

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## THE SOBERING UP OF YALE BUDDY.

Sudden Ending of the 2-Circle-X Outfit's Week Off at Pocatello.

"The boy's name was Hugh Schuyler. Something-or-other—the tag-end of his signature belonged to some toppy New York family, but all of us working on the 2-Circle-X outfit, we knew it was Yale Buddy, or just Bud, according to how much breath we had to spare," said the man from Idaho. "On the day that he strayed out to the 2-Circle-X and struck the boss—himself a Yale alumnae—for work and got it, the foreman conveyed him over to the bunkhouse and introduced him to us in his best humorous vein."

"You fellows," he said to us, "don't want to be none rude or rough with this yere fragile piece of work, pushing the new hand to the front, 'cause, from th' way him an' th' boss was a-talkin' 'together, I understand he's been 't Yale, an' they tell me that them Yale boys is sure handled on common tender an' pampered a heap."

And from then on we only knew the new hand as Yale, or Yale Buddy.

"The humor of the foreman's introductory remarks consisted in the fact that the new hand, although he hadn't been shaving more than a few years, stood 6 foot 3 in his moccasins and had a pair of shoulders on him that forced him to edge his way through the bunkhouse door on the oblique plane. I never saw a new ranch hand who looked better able to take care of himself."

"There wasn't much to teach him, except roping, throwing, branding and details of the round-up, for he knew how to sit a horse like one of Teddy Forester's Sixth Cavalry men. One evening, after the finish of a round-up, when Yale Buddy had been on the ranch for about fourteen months, the boss strolled over to the bunkhouse, where we were all stretched out, smoking, and passed out money, telling us that we might as well streak to Pocatello for a week, if we thought we could behave."

"The old man always said we were all got that in about our 'behaving,' for he'd slept in a bunkhouse himself for quite some years before he acquired title to the 2-Circle-X."

"It was a thirty-mile jog to Pocatello and we saddled up before sunrise the next morning so as to get there by noon and dodge the afternoon heat. In less than two hours after we got there, Yale Buddy was trying to jump over the fence of the Idaho Gem hotel, which was all of fourteen feet high and fully as wide."

"That, of course, was too much of a jump for any kind of a horse, and the best that the cayuse could do was to try, landing with all four of his feet against the weather-boards and then skilfully dropping back on his haunches, with Bud hanging around him, trying to make a Moliere snafu."

"Then the Yale Buddy, who for a sure thing had his horse educated up to a whole lot, would get behind the cayuse and hold up his watch—the watch had Yale's initials studded in diamonds on the case—and have the cayuse kick at it with his heels and see how near he could come to converting it into junk gold and chip gems."

"These cayuse stunts palled on Yale, and he decided to go to the city and get a new horse, so he rode down to the 2-Circle-X and told the foreman to the 2-Circle-X outfit, which was all of fourteen feet high and fully as wide."

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## EAST SIDE STARS TRIED OUT.

AMATEUR NIGHT AT A BOWERY VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

All Comers Allowed to Exhibit Their Talents at a Special Performance Once a Week—Miscellaneous That Amuse—A Gold Watch the Reward of Success.

"Monkey" Suskind, an East Side young man, decided recently that he would like to shine as a vaudeville star. So he and Jim Bludsoe of Cherry Hill formed an alliance. They got together an outfit consisting of a large hammer, a piece of flagstone, and a pine board about four inches thick, a foot wide and three feet long. Then they called upon the manager of a Bowery theatre. They told him of their ambition.

"We'd do real things," said Suskind, "an' if you 'll give us or date we'll make a hit dat 'll make de big boys of vaudeville take a sneak up de alley. Say, mister, give us or trial, an' if we don't bring de chunk in de house we won't want or cent. See?"

After some deliberation the manager said: "Come around and see me in a few days. Near the close of the season I am going to make Friday night of each week amateur night. I will give you a chance then, and if you are all right I will engage you for my road show next season."

The conversation took place several times. The first amateur night was last Friday. It was held after the regular performance.

Suskind and Bludsoe were on hand, and their friends had seats in the gallery to cheer them on. They were second on the bill. Suskind placed the pine board on his head and held it with his hands. Over the board Bludsoe placed the flagstone.

Suskind then sat in a chair and the act was ready. Bludsoe wielded the hammer. The manager stood in the wings in anxious expectation. He was apprehensive of the result of the act and had visions of a visit from the Coroner after Bludsoe had delivered the first stroke.

Bludsoe took deliberate aim and brought the hammer down with all his might. The manager just missed landing on Suskind's skull. The second blow was a little better, but the third just struck the edge of the stone and glanced off.

This was too much for the manager and he promptly called a halt. In a jiffy he hustled the pair off the stage and breathing a sigh of relief called the next act.

The friends of the twain did not know what to make of it and booed for a while. But when the impresario explained matters they were all right. They had been told, though, that outside of a few cents the stone was not disturbed.

"Amateur night" on the Bowery has its interest as well as its humorous side. The talent developed thus far is a trifle above the average and some of the performers have shown flashes of future greatness in the variety stage.

It costs nothing to get a trial, and the performer who does best gets a gold watch. Men, women and boys take advantage of this opportunity to display their talents.

The last amateur show had an olio which comprised eight distinct acts, ranging from a juggler to a Dutch act, a pair of Italian comedians, and a pair of acrobats.

The Italian comedians were about 18 and 20 years old. They were on the bill as "Niles and Steel," and their make-up was a study in contradiction.

They forgot to wear long-haired wigs, after the style of some of the stellar German comedians.

It was only when Niles asked his partner why a chicken crossed the street that the apathy of the audience disappeared. On the stage a chicken was produced.

"Da mugga," said Niles, throwing da cabbage at the pair. It found an abiding place on Niles' paunch. Niles fell back on the scenery with a thud, and sat down gasping for wind. When he recovered his speech he yelled:

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## WAS J. J. ASTOR'S VILLA ONCE

HOBOKEN HOUSE WITH A HISTORY UP AGAINST A NEW LAW.

Built by the Founder of the Astor Family and was a Home—Irving and others distinguished men its guests—Now Its Stoop May Be Cut Off.

An ordinance passed by the Hoboken Council prohibiting signs which obstructed any cause the removal of the stoop in front of the old villa of John Jacob Astor at the southwest corner of Washington and Second streets. The building is the oldest in Hoboken, with the exception of the Stevens family residence at Castle Point, which was built by Col. John Stevens in 1784.

John Jacob Astor was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the United States when he became a resident of Hoboken and moved into his villa in 1828. While superintending the building of the villa he was in the habit of stopping at the boarding house of the Misses Van Buskirk on the Hoboken waterfront.

"The old maid Van Buskirk," as they were familiarly called, conducted one of the best-known resorts on the Jersey side of the Hudson. They were gentlemen who were forced to shift for themselves by the financial reverses of their father. Their skill in preserving fruit and making pastries, the care they expended on their garden and the trimness of their own broad gowns and white caps were matters of wide fame.

Mr. Astor's villa had a fine situation. The garden, which surrounded it, was filled with rare plants and foliage brought home by the captains of his merchantmen, and the front windows commanded an unobstructed view of the Hoboken river walk. Here there was an ever-changing parade of pleasure seekers and Mr. Astor, it is recorded, was very fond of mingling with them.

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